
Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten, by the Students of Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

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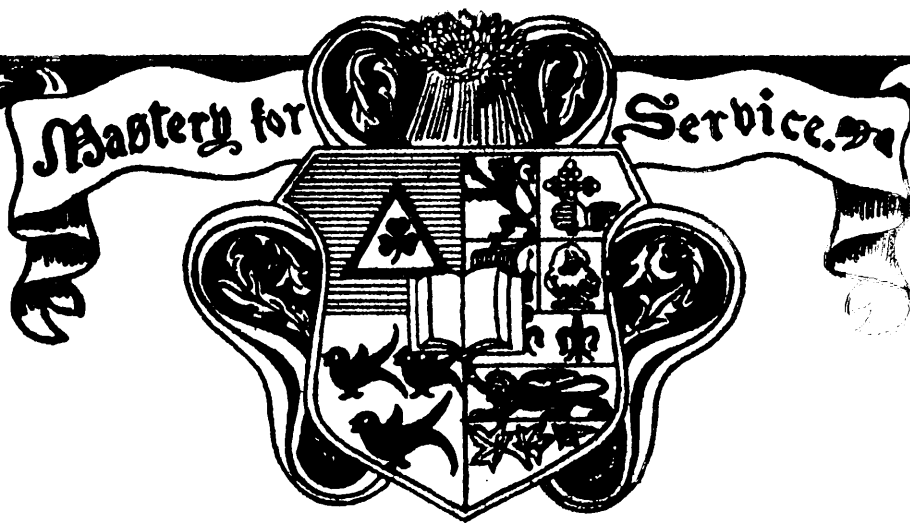
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Vol. XX

No. 1.

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The Staff



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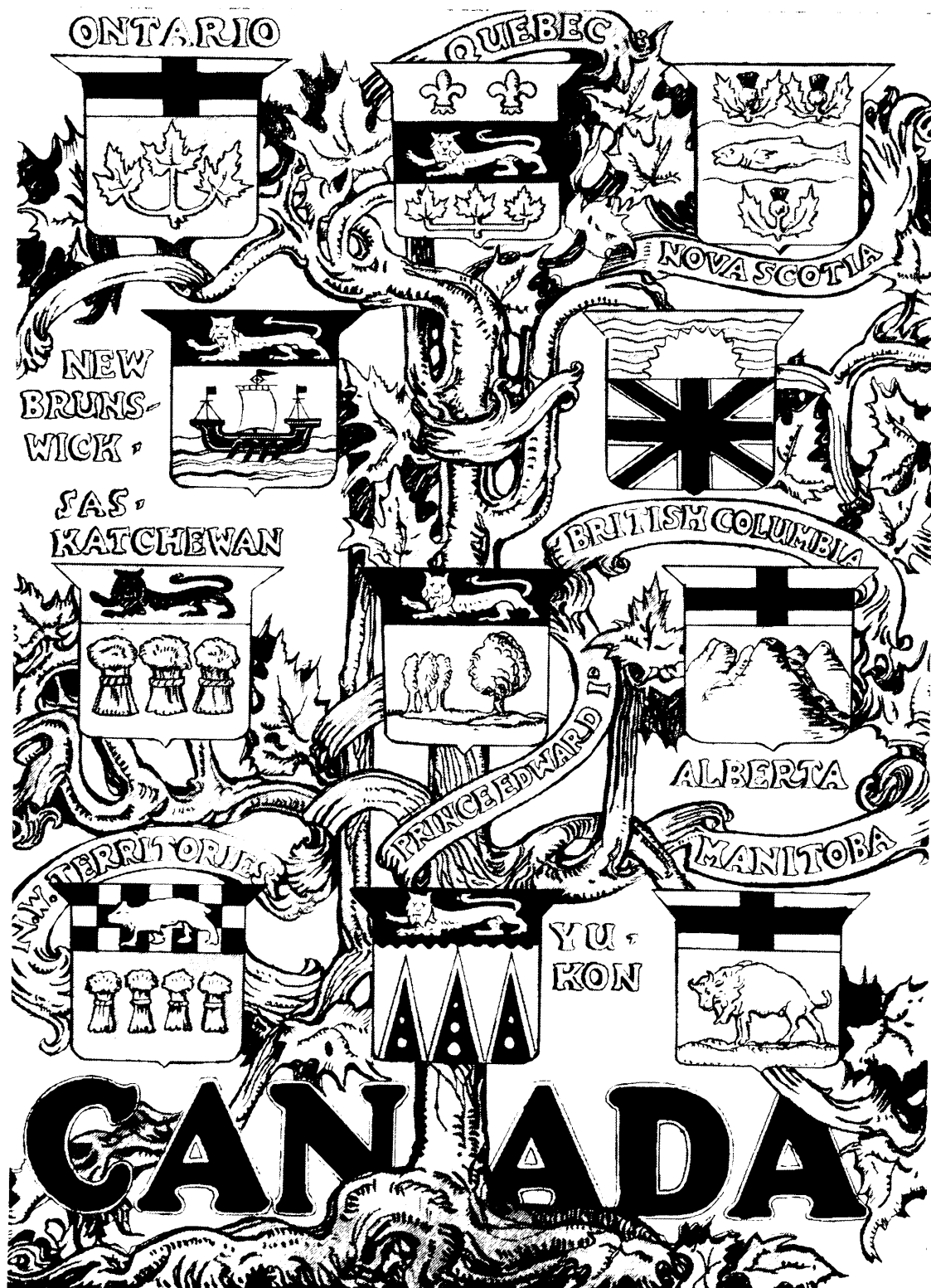
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THE
MACDONALD COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. XX

WINTER

No. 1

Editorial

The editor wishes to thank all those who have helped to fill the pages which follow. A great debt is owed also, to Professor Norris Hodgins, whose unfailing help and valuable suggestions have given the Magazine whatever merits it may be found to possess.



Agriculture '30

Numerically equivalent to last year, and brimming over with "pep," after a summer spent in various endeavours, such as chasing sheep, catching butterflys, growing cauliflowers, persuading old ladies to send their milk to the creamery, and similar occupations, Aggies '30 returned to the fold on Oct. 1st.

As seniors, we elected a representative to "fuss" the matron for the ensuing year. Heeding his plea for assistance in this task we have supported him in a truly wonderfully fashion.

In sports, we have been "in there," doing our bit, and we assume tht the underclass men will concede that our bit has reached rather large proportions. With a record aggregate in the track meet, a very full representation on the football team, and with excellent prospects of winning the shield for inter-class games again, we expect to leave College with a record for sports behind us, that will not be equalled for some time.

Our class officers for the year are. —

Hon-president:—Dr. H. Barton.

Hon-vice-president:—Prof. W. C. Quayle.

President:—R. P. Longley.

Vice-president:—R. Jack.

Sec.-Treasurer:—J. C. Woodward.

—J. C. W.

Agriculture '31

As is only natural, This, the largest of the four years in Agriculture, is also, from every point of view, the best. Modesty forbids Us to enlarge on this topic, so We will content Ourselves with saying that, should We not win all the victories open to Us, the omission will be due to that Spirit of Generosity mixed with Forbearance which is forever whispering to Us: "Give the other poor fellow a chance!"

Last year Our fame (We blush to admit it) was noised abroad as far as Truro, and Messrs. Atwood, Blair, Boyle, Cann, Cripps, Nichols, Turner, Webber and Woodworth hastened from their oriental Alma Mater to strengthen and enrich Us. Mr. Archibald Walker, Jr., got away to a false start in 1926, but by a swift stroke of genius he succeeded in joining Our year and is now thoroughly content and will smoke anybody's cigarettes.

It may be presumed that, before the earth has grown very much colder, some of Us (Oh! which of us?) will be graduating, and it is to be hoped that Our example will not be overlooked by succeeding generations.

Hon. President

Prof. W. C. Quayle.

Hon. Vice-President

Prof. S. R. N. Hodgins.

Other officers as before.

—J. A. R.

Agriculture '32

Since last year, the fame of this class has spread far and wide—Hugh Cannon left Varsity and John Grell made his farewells to Trinidad to join our ranks; indeed such a favourable impression did we make that “Rex” Beach forsook his class mates of '31 and elected to throw in his lot with us.

For most of us, the summer was spent on farm and experimental station—one had a short, though none the less brilliant, career in journalism. Everyone was obviously glad to be back, but the beauties of the infinitesimal calculus have a depressing effect on the spirit. The class comedian still entertains us with handstands and the latest song-hit. “Jiggs” is as surprisingly acrobatic as ever, his mental feats as startling; John Gilbey has taken on a new dignity with the rôle of President. Last year, Wine, Women and Song were almost too much for “Angus”, so this year he's given up singing.

The officers for the year are:—

Hon. Pres.	Prof. S. R. N. Hodgins
Hon. Vice-Pres.	Prof. W. C. Quayle
President	J. A. Gilbey
Vice-President	J. M. Fyffe
Secy.-Treas.	A. W. S. Hunter
	J. M. F.

Agriculture '33

Whan that the falle, with his mellowe sonne
 Broghte in the mistes, and the leaves were gonne,
 To Mac I came and there I mete
 Some other Freshman wights and a damsel swete.
 A goodlye gange, I gesse, who loved nat sleepe.
 Or so it seeme'd, for the Sophymores wolde keepe
 Us ronyngre ronde for half the nighte,
 And other deeds of which I dare not wryte,
 From all the wide worlde our folke hadde come,
 Snannes, Otwaye, Engelonde, and there was one
 A Welseman; and a semely little Czeche
 Who wel coude play upon the viol, by Hecke.
 And there, too, was a man of Trinidadde
 The arte to ease our stiffenesse wel he hadde.
 Strait to the listes went our companye,
 For honour, nat for love of any lady,
 For bye the lawe, the Freshmen coude nat foope.
 Yet all the same wel did our little troupe,
 For Stevens the two mille race he wonne
 And Ned Price did the same when he ran one.
 Still greater heighte's still we hope to reche
 In studie, lerninge, sport and speche.
 But of this yere I now can wryte namo.
 Our President y-cleped is Monro,
 Fred Thatcher is our scribe, while for this stunte
 I offer lowe apologye to Doctour Brunte.

—H. A. U. M.

Diploma '30

Where's the gang? What is left of us, from last winter, have returned once more to continue our studies into the why and wherefore of a vacuous cow and an innocent swede. Happily, we can nearly all report a very satisfactory summer in every way, except, unfortunately, our Fat Boy, who was stricken with Scarlet Fever but, in spite of a starvation diet during that time, we can see no perceptible difference in his waist measurement.

Four of last year's class have entered the degree course, which, with those who have sought other fields to conquer, reduces our number to fifteen. The honours are about evenly divided between Dairy and Hort. options and whilst those subjects do not attract our attentions, we hope to add to the brightness of "Mac" by our presence here.

Enough said, Mr. Editor. Let's go!

Our officers are:

Pres:—J. H. Goodman.

Sect. Treas:—S. G. Barrington.

— S. G. B.

1st Year Diploma

One of the largest Freshmen Classes taking the Diploma Course entered the College on Nov. 1. Out of a total of 39 students there was a larger percentage of Canadians than usual and they came from widely separated areas within the Province of Quebec.

This is one of the best Diploma classes which the College has had, partly due to the large numbers and partly to the experience of its members.

There is no option of Farm Orchardring or Dairy Farming this year. Students have to attend lectures as a group and only specialize in the second year. This is an innovation and is on its first trial.

Now that we have elected our officers, we are going to work hard in making our stay here a perfect success.

President

G. R. Frerichs.

Vice-President

A. M. Ness.

Secretary

H. E. Eudoxie.

—H. E. E.

Homemakers

There are twenty-eight of us and we hail from all over Canada, yes even from Nova Scotia and British Columbia.

You say: "You're only here for a year!" Yes, we admit that, but what a wealth of knowledge we are storing for future use—we all hope for the opportunity to use it.

Don't misjudge us please, we are not always in a serious frame of mind, and between 3.30 p.m. and 8.30 p.m. we're absolutely carefree. You can spot us anywhere!

—C. McK.

Teachers

Biff! Bang! Bing!
We'll make the echoes ring
With a rah! rah! rah!
Siss! Boom! Bah!
For T-E-A-C-H-E-R-S,
Teachers!

Well we're here, and the feeling of newness has so well worn off that we feel as though we'd known MAC forever. Do we like it? Rather and how! don't you know.

We've a peach of a president, and we're hoping for great things this year, under her guidance. The line-up is as herewith set forth.

President — Marguerite Rexford.

Secretary — Geoffrey Lessard.

Treasurer — Grace Anderson.

P. S. We might add that, as long as it's for MAC (be it debates, sports, or scooter races), we'll back her to the last degree. 'Nuff said.—G. L.

B.H.S. '30

One, two, three, four. The Big Four are back. They have lost nothing of their original charm, not even weight. During the summer Ethel played "Little-Girl-Restored-to-the-Bosom-of-Her-Family"; Sarah played "Girl-Who-Wields-Pen-and-Ink" to the Girl Guides at Morin Heights; Elsie played "What Cereal Will you Have?" at Norway Bay; and Jean played Tennis.

The class officers are Jean Leach, president, and Sarah Wolff, Secretary.

Last year proved the "co-operatability" of each class member, so we start this year's work with the standard of all for one and one for all. Armed with this, B. H. S. '30 should break all records.

One, Two, Three, Four,
Who are we four?
We're the Big Four!
B. H. S. '30!

—S.W.

B. H. S. '31

Last year's big four this year are twins. Plump Sophie and thin "Lochinvar" — following the Wright and doggie way. Big "Sit" and little "Laurie" — looking for the fudge that never comes. Book-worm "Anita" and Apple-worm Isabel — always devouring, but never spaghetti. Fair "Rufus" and dark "Ed" — just a trifle late as usual.

Meals made to order — Washing taken in by the day — Home-made soap guaranteed.

Get out the dishpan — Swish the soap. Bring on the bugs for the microscope.

For here we come: on the run!

B. H. S. '31.

— S. Ingram.

Senior Ads.

Eager to see our classmates, once again, and make new friends, we returned to Mac early in September. Of last year's class only twelve had returned.

In "Gossip Hour," we learned that Jean Gilbert, Phyliss Snow, Eloise Fleming and Ella Hunt are expected in the class of '31. Margaret Creighton and Jean Palmer are in College in the maritimes. Marnye Fulton and Alita Osgoode are enjoying a little home life, with dreams of future days.

Those who have returned had some rare experience to relate. The majority spent the summer as they should, in holidays. Others helped to feed, "The Maddening Crowds" at Bigwin Inn, Pictou Lodge and Y.M.C.A. Camps.

Everyone is ready and willing to make this a successful year, guided by our president Evelyn MacMurchy.

— Marion Casselman.

Junior Ads.

In number we're thirteen and we're lucky, happy, and snappy. When you encounter one of us, pull out your latest wisecracks, shoot your newest line, perform your parlour tricks, and perhaps you'll go over big. We hail from various hometowns and certainly have a good selection—not the kind, either, that make you believe in evolution.

Any time you want the low-down on how to prevent water burning, or any other every-day problems, come to a Junior Ad. We hope we'll always be known as good sports and willing to lend a hand.

—G. REID.

Lady! Be Good!

*O! blue-eyed blonde why do you scan
A freshman in his seat?
Why do you cause my healthy tan
To blush with sudden heat?*

*Why do you make my unhappy hand
Shake like an aspen leaf:
My laden fork to slip and land
Upon my tasteless beef?*

*What makes you hurl your loathsome cake
To hit my flinching eye:
Your bricklike roll close in its wake
Scatt'ring my cottage pie?*

*O! blue-eyed blonde your ogling cease,
Your wicked frolics stay.
That henceforth I may eat in peace
Unharrassed by your play.*

— "Freshman."

For Other Feet

There are plenty of people who, when they've been dished themselves, enjoy nothing so much as the sight of other unsuspecting souls being similarly diddled. I'm not a bit like that. When an idiot in front of me throws down a banana peel and I slip on it I do not merely pick myself up and go on my way (as too many would do) leaving the peel to ensnare the feet of other unwary pedestrians. I scoop up what I can of the unsavoury mess and plaster it over the countenance of the monkey that dropped it. When a bunch of Sophomores call my attention to an eclipse of the sun just as I am passing over a slippery place on the sidewalk, I do not take my place beside them, when I have recovered, to observe the discomfiture of other innocent folk (as is the all-too-usual custom). Instead, I get a pick-axe and hack away the treacherous ice for the safeguarding of following feet. And when I've done this I fall upon the sophomores with my weapon and utterly destroy them.—N. H.

The Familiar Essay in Canada

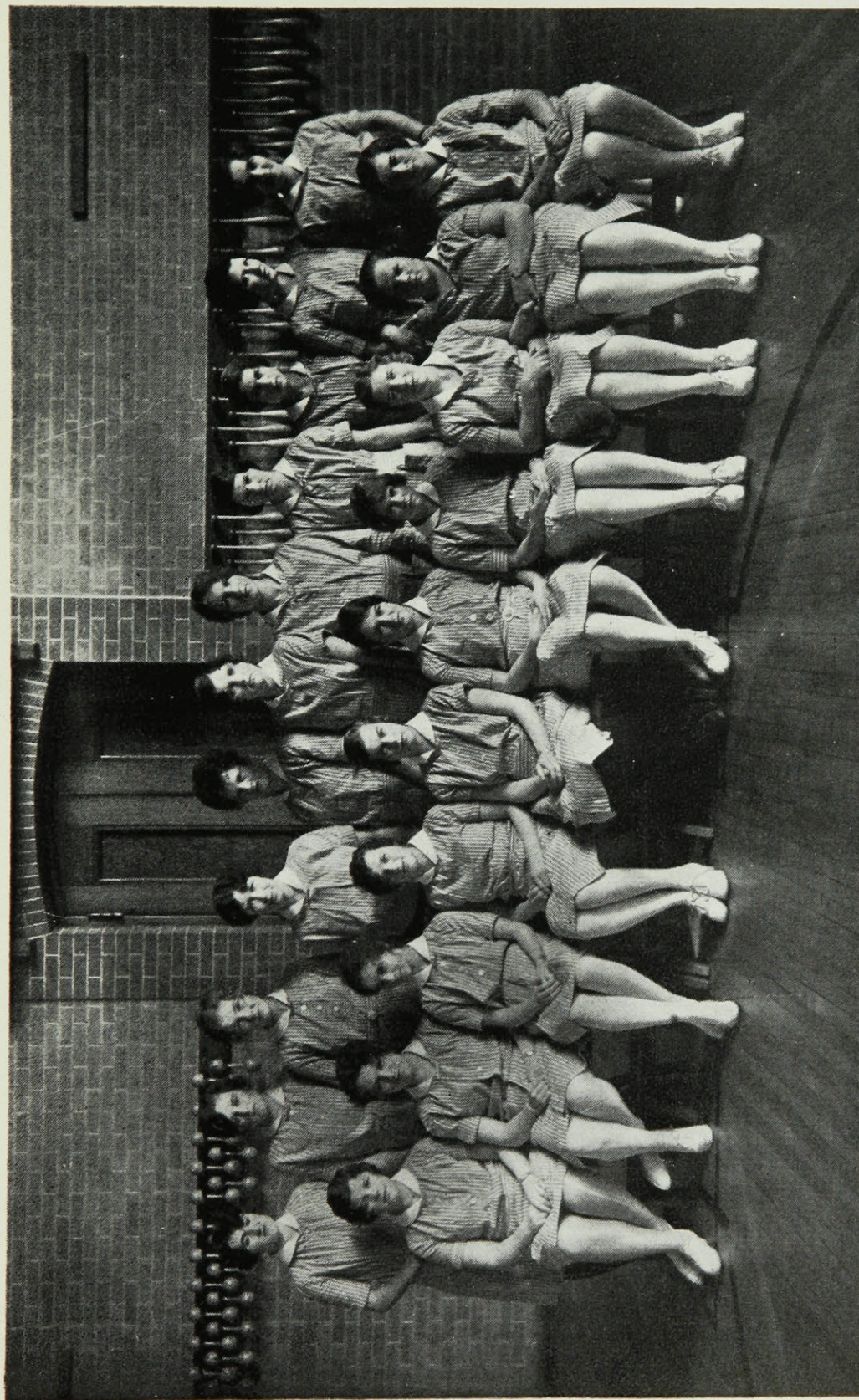
THE FAMILIAR essay is a product of an urbane community of peoples who have at last learned that the greatest good of things lies not in their production but in their use. Belonging to the literature of power, rather than to the literature of knowledge, it makes but little appeal to the pioneer: its emphasis is not on *doing*, the watchword of America, but on *being* and *enjoying*.

As might perhaps be expected, Canadian literature, and more particularly that produced before the beginning of this century, is not rich in such material. Our ancestors were too intently employed in the making of a nation to give their minds very fully to literary work of any kind. More specifically, they lacked the leisure, the education, the bookish atmosphere, the urbane viewpoint, the attitude of mind that takes delight in reverie and reflection, in toying with ideas without considering too carefully their practical application, that form a background for the production of familiar essays.

A general survey of our literary activity will reveal an accentuation of the 'practical' — history, biography, politics, nature studies, travel and exploration — these fields have been fairly well worked by Canadian writers; while our 'literature of power' has been limited largely to poetry and fiction. Dramatic works have been noticeably rare, and essays have only recently achieved much place. Even in the fields of fiction and poetry, our work has not heretofore been remarkable for its brilliance. "Regarded as a whole," says MacMechan, "Canadian fiction is tame"; and one wonders just how much importance to attach to the statement by Marquis that ".....in verse alone she (Canada) has had from three to four hundred singers, who have piped their lays in every province from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

The truth is, perhaps, that we are not so very mature—youth always takes itself seriously. Moreover, we on this continent like to consider ourselves a practical people, a people more concerned with facts than with fancies. This point was made two decades ago by Stephen Leacock when he said, in characteristic fashion: "the aspect of primeval nature does not call to our minds the vision of Unseen Powers riding upon the midnight blast. To us the midnight blast represents an enormous quantity of horse-power going to waste; the primeval forest is a first class site for a saw-mill, and the leaping cataract tempts us to erect a red-brick hydro-electric establishment on its banks and make it leap to some purpose."

A closer study, however, shows that we have made a fair beginning, in recent years, with the familiar type of essay. I know of at least a dozen writers who have produced essays of this type in book form, while as many more might be selected from the contributors to our periodicals. These two dozen writers may seem few when compared with the four hundred poets who have 'piped their lays' in Canada, but one wonders whether Leacock, MacMechan, McArthur, to take but three, have not done more for Ca-



THE HOMEMAKERS.

nadian literature than have, say, three hundred of these four hundred poetical pipers! In any case, the product of the pens of the writers who have worked the field of the familiar essay during the past twenty years or so is sufficient in quantity and good enough in quality to show that we have now in Canada men and women capable of important work in this literary form.

Nor are we absolutely lacking in potential readers for this product. In our older cities, and in our older rural districts, I am convinced, there is a considerable, and growing, community of people who have emerged from the pioneer attitude of mind, who have inherited something of the comfort, the educational advantages, the tolerance, that characterize the people who make up the essayist's market in the Old Country or in the New England States, where the essay has already found its place. Not all of these people are essay readers, it is true; but the fact that the editors of those few papers (including the agricultural journals) that have printed essay-like material find their subscribers appreciative of it, and that a fair number of our more important book publishers are finding a good demand for books of essays, indicates an encouraging situation.

The one great weakness, in my opinion, in the position of the familiar essay in Canada at present is the lack of interest on the part of our periodicals as a whole. With this literary form, as with few others, the active support, financial and otherwise, of the periodical market is almost a *sine qua non* of its production. History, biography, travel, science, and even fiction of the longer sort, may flourish independent of the periodical market — though fiction is now closely bound up with the magazine field — and poetry apparently needs no encouragement. But the essay of familiar type looks to the newspapers and magazine field for the moral and financial support that is so vital to its production.

Quite apart from the financial aspect (which, however, should not be overlooked), the periodical has an important part to play if familiar essays are to be encouraged. Even in countries where this literary form is already well established, both with writers and with readers, this agency is necessary to bridge the gap between producer and consumer — for essays are rarely written in bookfuls. And in a country like Canada, the need of such a medium for distribution is still greater. In many cases, our potential readers have not access to bookshops; and when they have, they are not likely to be interested in books of essays unless they have had an opportunity to form a taste for this sort of thing through the offerings of their newspapers or magazines. Peter McArthur's books sold well in Canada because he had 'a reading public,' in the words of his publisher — and that reading public was built up through the regular appearance of his sketches in *The Globe*. In the same way, Leacock and Lynd, Chesterton and Beerbohm, have had the way paved for their books of essays through their successful appearance in periodical literature.

Canadian periodicals have not, heretofore, offered much to the writer of essays. The entertainment needs of our dailies, the most prosperous representatives of our journalistic endeavours and hence the papers that could give greatest financial support to writ-

ers of short features, are filled at low cost with imported syndicate material. Our 'popular' magazines, some of which now pay fairly well for their requirements, stick to the topical or 'fact' type of article, outside of their fiction pages, and so achieve the permanence of a glorified daily; for the news article, no matter how lavishly illustrated, is like the grass, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven. And while some of our more literary periodicals — Dalhousie, Willison's, The Forum — print familiar essays in fair numbers, it cannot be said that they offer an outlet for a very active production, and the financial support is meagre.

I am firmly convinced that the editor of any paper making its appeal to the older communities of Canada will find a ready response among his readers to anything that he may do in the way of making available to them essays of the familiar type. The Toronto Globe and the Manitoba Free Press, among our city dailies, have found their essay offerings to be popular features. Farm papers have found them to be their *most* popular features — and surely it would be paradoxical to suppose that our most *urbane* communities are rural. In short, I believe we have in our older cities men and women who would appreciate the material that our essay writers have already shown to be within their range. And the periodical that puts forth an effort to bring together the writers and the potential readers of this material will benefit writers and readers alike, and will, in addition, do a real service to the cause of Canadian letters. What is at present conspicuously lacking in the offerings of the average Canadian periodical is permanence, and this factor the familiar type of essay, with its emphasis on mood rather than subject and its aloofness from the vexing questions of the day, possesses in a marked degree.

So I wish to make a plea for a greater place for the familiar essay in Canada. Amongst its characteristics are friendliness, good humour, mellow reflection and speculation and, above all, unawareness of 'pressing problems' — in short, the characteristics of the fire-side chat of good fellows — and these are needed, if not always found, in a strenuous age and country.

I do not plead for a 'literature of essays,' but I do feel that our general literature will be the poorer for their neglect. 'Fact' articles and books alone cannot make up a worthy national offering in literature; and so little of our fiction has in it the germ of immortality! It is in the best of our essays and the best of our poetry that we find in greatest measure the factor of timelessness, which is akin to permanence, so lacking in Canadian literary productions generally. Articles on the Georgian Bay Canal, on various aspects of the Great War, on the Farmers in Power, are of the type that 'have their day and cease to be'; Leacock's "Homer and Humbug" and "My Financial Career" have for us today the same joyous charm that they had when first written, and may, perhaps, be read with wholesome laughter by our grandchildren.

—NORRIS HODGINS.

I Decline a Career and Accept One

The Literary and Debating Society offers, each year, a number of generous prizes for the best essay written by a student. Details as to dates, conditions, etc., may be had from the secretary of the society. We publish, below, one of the prize-winning essays in the annual Atlantic Monthly Essay contest. It is the work of Miss Helen Roher, of Washington, D. C., and should be of particular interest to members of the School for Teachers.—Editor.

When I entered college nearly four years ago cherishing overt ambitions for a pedagogical career, I had among my mental impedimenta numerous delusions about my chosen profession. I even thought that my major subject would be the most important phase of the college course. What woeful ignorance! I know better now; I have been pursuing Education — with a capital E.

In my early innocence I'll admit that my ideas of teaching responsibilities were based largely on the characteristics of the mentors of my own youthful days — perhaps my astounding misconception was due to faulty observation. At any rate, I began my secondary education with the notion that the essentials for teaching were a fairly broad general knowledge coupled with thorough training in several particular subjects, ability to "put it across," skill and tact in disciplining offenders, a substantial fund of common sense for use in the everyday emergencies of school life, an even temper, a pleasing personality, and an active interest in the profession for its own sake. Not, of course, that I had ever met an instructor who combined all those qualities — the composite had just gradually evolved as my ideal. But this ideal has departed to the Never-Never Land of childhood dreams

Throughout my freshman and sophomore years I joyfully piled up credits in my major subject and supporting minors, but with registration for the third year came enlightenment.

"When are you going to take your Education courses?" my faculty adviser queried.

It was a new thought, and although I have always preferred the more difficult and more profitable content subjects, after a twenty-minute summary of state and professional requirements and of the inestimable value of Education courses I found myself enrolled in three Education classes — and a solitary two-hour course in my major. Senior year is very similar, but in spite of all I am doing I am often reminded of the terrible waste in those first two Education-less years before my eyes were opened.

And now that true light has come I have discovered that a teacher must be a superhuman being, with the endurance of Hercules, the wisdom of Solomon, and the adaptability of a chameleon, with something of the Universal Genius added for good measure.

Perhaps you do not know that our forty-eight sovereign states demand that aspirants for the privilege of teaching be transformed into supermen. And did you ever know that a college man or woman has to spend approximately one sixth of the entire four-year course in satisfying such state requirements? Here is what the prospective paragon must take:—

General Psychology
Educational Psychology
History of Education
Principles of Education
Observation and Practice Teaching
Methods of Teaching (general and special)

In addition to these courses you are very strongly urged to make a generous selection from such courses as: —

Vocational and Educational Guidance
The Pre-School Child
Psychology of High-School Subjects
Manual Training for Teachers
Mental Hygiene
Mental and Educational Measurement
Individual Differences and Exceptional Children
Problems of School Support
Child Accounting
Administration of Extra-Curricular Activities
Educational Publicity

To review all that is expected of the promising pedagogue would be to write a textbook. But heaven forbid that I should even suggest the lofty atmosphere of a textbook — I'll just hit the high spots, and hit them lightly, at that. First is the personality of the teacher. I was right in thinking that she needed tact, common sense, and a good temper. But I missed a lot of apparent essentials. This "inexpressive She" must have perfect control of her emotions and must never allow her decisions to be swayed by them. While taking a definite interest in the personal welfare of each and every small cherub, she must never make any distinctions, and never, never, *never*, become fonder of one youngster than of another. She must remember that she is an example for the children and must, in the schoolroom, in public, and in private, regulate her voice, posture, dress, reading matter, diet, companion, and coiffure accordingly. Moreover, she must be always pleasant, alert, and interested, not only in her pupils but also in any relative or friends of theirs whom she may meet. (And if she's a good teacher she'll meet plenty.) She must have a cultivated sense of the aesthetic, for how else can she make wise determinations in regard to the ornamentation of the schoolroom, the color, size, and material of the window shades, the costuming for group plays and stunts, the musical value of school songs — et cetera ad infinitum. The budding artistic talent of some potential Rodin or Bud Fisher may be blighted eternally or nursed into a glorious everlasting bloom by her sympathetic interest.

If she has chosen the lower grades she bears the brunt of a duty which has been shifted from the home to the school — training in obedience, honesty, fair play, respect for elders, civic-consciousness, personal cleanliness, all the moral, ethical, and aesthetic ideals. Parents are really too busy to bother, and it's considered poor psychology to send young children to church, so the school must do it. Thus we add constant instruction and training in morals to the daily programme. No opportunity must be lost to clarify and unobtrusively emphasize moral principles — though of course no

time can be spared from the curricular schedule for that purpose. Some principles cannot be easily taught in the schoolroom, but the playground offers many excellent opportunities. For of course the old method of allowing the children to play without supervision is entirely out of date, and no teacher who shows the least iota of interest, efficiency, or intelligence will prepare the blackboard work for the next class during recess, but rather will work out a carefully planned programme of recreation, at the same time instilling into her young hopefuls the essentials of self-reliance and independent planning.

This "moral responsibility" of hers invades every waking — and sleeping — moment of her charges. No longer does the hand that rocks the cradle rule the world — that privilege has been inherited by the hand that wields the sceptre of pedagogical wizardry. A child may have no restraint whatever at home, no ethical training or example, but she is expected to make a little gentleman out of him. Think of trying to manufacture at least forty a year! And the book says expressly that you shouldn't use a pattern. It would be suicidal to modify all the little Menckens and Lindberghs and Babe Ruths and Vachel Lindsays so as to produce an entire generation of John Smith. "Carbon copies are not acceptable."

No less staggering is the purely scholastic miracle which she must perform. The teacher's interest in the child's intellectual life must extend beyond mere class performance. If he is falling back in his work she should, after school hours of course, give him several of the many standardized tests devised to spot individual differences. When, after one test or twenty, she locates the trouble, she must work out a plan to help him. For instance, if John cannot comprehend arithmetic, but is passionately fond of marbles, she will teach him arithmetic by using marbles, meanwhile making sure that his primary interest centres in the arithmetic rather than in the marbles. It may be a little hard for her to help thirty of her forty pupils at once and she may have difficulty in finding a way to use Harry's zeal for fishing in helping him with his spelling, but the really ingenious teacher can accomplish wonders. Of course the tests take anywhere from twenty minutes to three hours, and they're rather expensive, and school boards usually don't much approve of them, but the textbooks make such scant mention of these difficulties that I'm sure there must be an easy solution.

Standardized tests have another advantage. They're a big help in shaping the vocational plans of Young America. Use them to determine each youngster's aptitudes and inclinations and then work out courses of reading and recreation that will head up into something definite. Arrange miniature training courses for plumbers, professional athletes, cooks, interior decorators, scientific farmers, marines, bricklayers, musicians, psychiatrists, and railroad clerks — anything but a burglary course.

Naturally, all this takes time. But of course you realize that the truly earnest teacher will plan her spare hours so that she can get into the home of each pupil, determine to what extent the home influences are harming his development, and build up a spirit of coöperation with the parents so that her suggestions as to the alleviation of any problem situations will be favorably received. Of

course many parents resent any intrusion of the teacher into the home, but — use tact, my dear, use tact. (Providence ought to help too — if you believe in it.)

In the effort to get a broad synoptic view of the entire school group and the problems to be faced, one reputable text suggests an outline of essential information which I think deserves reproduction *in toto*:—

1. Child's name, age, grade, mental age, I.Q., health index, progress.

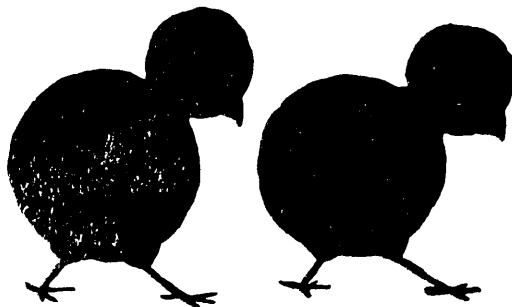
2. Character of the home and family life: size of house, distance from school, size of family, occupation of father, nationality of father and mother, reading matter in home, musical instruments, connections the family has with social, professional, or commercial clubs and fraternities, equipment the child has for play at home and with near-by children, work done by child at home, source and amount of spending money child has and the uses he makes of it, what he reads at home, what he likes best to read, what he means to be when he is a man.

3. The child's interests and abilities: what he likes best to play, what games he is most proficient in, what studies he likes best, what studies he is most proficient in, his strong and weak points as a leader and as a follower, his weak points in: manners, morals, language, dress, cleanliness, knowledge, skills, physique.

Imagine collecting such data for forty pupils!

If you think this is a fair task for the Superwoman, just remember that there are problems of grading, discipline, health supervision, organization, attendance, curriculum, professional relationships, methods of conducting study periods and recitations, any many other truly *vital* problems, but this array is sufficient to show what's what in the current Educational miracle.

But after two years of initiation into these mysteries I awake humbly to realize that I am only a human being. I shall never be a miracle worker such as She must be. So my dream has fled. But one good dream deserves another, and now a yellow-curtained kitchen has replaced a busy, orderly schoolroom in my tomorrow. And after all, it is easier to plan for one than for forty — I think I'll try that first.



The Bunyip

I PROPOSE to devote this entire chat to one creature—the bunyip. Let us consider the bunyip—although its nefarious habits do not make it the least worthy of consideration. Rather should it be extinguished neck and crop; but this is impossible since it has neither.

For the more ignorant it might be desirable to insert a brief account of the animal's appearance. This, however, is impossible since it has none. The bunyip is invisible. It is also intangible, odorless, and as the frequency of its plaintive cry is outside the ken of the human ear, inaudible. The difficulties which beset the investigator's path should not therefore be belittled. The strength of the bunyip lies in its power to deflect a magnetic compass. In fact, the bunyip is the source of what is fallaciously called "terrestrial magnetism." The magnetic poles are simply prodigious colonies of these creatures whose magnetic influence pervades the whole globe. Migrations of these colonies cause so called magnetic variation. In 1876 the author's attention was drawn to the peculiar peril which ravaged the ranks of Canadian explorers; it was found that explorers and others simply seemed to lose sense of direction, even when approaching an hotel. This seemingly irrelevant phenomenon resulted in the discovery of the bunyip. It is clear that the few buniyps still in Canada are essentially similar to the parent hordes at the magnetic poles, but the Canadian part of the American continent, is surrounded by a reef of lode-stone which makes their escape impossible.

It seems that the bunyip derives its sustenance from human ectoplasm. It cannot attack a living man and, consequently, it had a lean time until the advent of the explorer to Canada. The explorer unwittingly laid himself at the mercy of the bunyip by his use of the magnetic compass. The subtle creature was not slow to discover that it could deflect an explorer's compass and soon it had evolved a standard method whereby, by maintaining a constant bearing relative to the explorer, it caused a constant deflection of his compass, the inevitable result of which was to cause the hopeless victim to wander in a circle until death did him part. At the instant of death the ravening bunyip would seize the succulent ectoplasm and leave the poor carcass to the insatiable dinkums and dingoes, and sometimes even the heeby-jeebies.

The author was quick to perceive that in the strength of the bunyip lay its weakness; magnetism in the author's hands proved its undoing, for he quickly instituted the system of dual exploration. Under this system the backwoods are traversed by two explorers (each equipped with a compass) walking 100 yards apart. On the approach of a bunyip, the compass needles each indicate its bearing and by simply plotting the two directions the intersection point gives the position of the creature or some other important position. By locking the compass needles, sufficient magnetic force is brought on the bunyip to hamper its movements enough to enable the explorers to circumambulate the location with bunches of dried garlic. On the completion of the garlic circle there is a dreadful flurry in the bush which was at first supposed to mark the death of the

bunyip, subsequent investigations with a dipping (or darning) needle and an electroscope have proved the erroneousness of this conjecture. Immediately the flurry has passed, a dipping needle shows that the bunyip rapidly sinks into the depths of the earth—or even deeper. Dual dipping needles indicated that the creature penetrated 200 miles below the earth's crust, at which depth of course, the heat is sufficient to destroy magnetism and consequently the needles suddenly swing back to the earth's field, but *the electroscope shows that the magnetic energy of the bunyip is merely transformed into electrostatic energy in accordance with the equation which shows one bunyip to equal two pounds of breakfast food.* The creature returns to the surface electrostatically, in which state it is harmless to man and, occasionally, to woman. This is obvious.

The author has no doubt that the lone aeroplanes which have lately been lost in Northern Ontario are victims of the few remaining magnetic bunyips. The Canadian Government would be well advised to erect a bunyip trap. This trap, curiously enough, was also, as might be expected, discovered by accident. It depends for its action on the strange inherent yearning of the bunyip to see the stars by day. This, as is well known, is possible by looking up a tall chimney or at another man's wife. A bunyip trap therefore consists of a tall chimney erected in the bush, unsupported at the bottom to permit the assembly of bunyips. The trapper waits on a platform on the chimney top, and is equipped with an anemometer, several blocks of lodestone, much gall and a parachute. Soon a large number of electrostatic and magnetic bunyips are assembled gazing at the stars, and then the trapper drops a block of lodestone down the chimney. The stone falls with amazing velocity and any magnetic bunyips are irresistibly drawn up to meet it. Since they displace air, the anemometer immediately indicates their presence. the trapper launches himself in his parachute, and the lodestone and bunyips meet in the narrow confines of the chimney with a terrific impact. The chimney may only be seen in mirage afterwards. Actually what occurs is that the lodestone dropping through the bunyip reverses its polarity. No bunyip can stand this. It is equivalent to turning a man inside out. The depolarized corpse falls prey to its electrostatic relations, a new chimney is erected and the process is repeated. Little more is known of the bunyip, although recent investigations with the heliograph, Wheatstone's bridge and the *pons asinorum* show it to be ambidextrous, clairvoyant and alkaline to litmus.

Eventually the bunyip will pass away, and it will be almost forgotten that Canada was once its happy hunting ground and that the original inhabitants of this country lived in burrows for fear of the beast. Even now, on hearing the name, some Canadians may be observed surreptitiously to cross their fingers and murmur an incantation. To tell the truth. . . . (It is too late. Ed.)

—E. A. LAWRENCE.



AGRICULTURE '33.

Kinda Lonesome

*There's a bird perched on a tree —
Just got there, and, seems to me
He's kinda lonesome.*

*The sun is out to-day,
But the wind's a freezin' blast.
The snow is here to stay!
Oh! I'm glad it's come at last.*

*I guess the birdie isn't,
'Cause it's kinda cold for him:
Sets his feathers all a-frizzin' —
Doesn't fill him full o' vim.*

*His mate's gone South for winter,
An' it's time that he went too.
Seems as though he's kinda plaintive,
Wonderin' what he's goin' to do.*

*It's kinda hard decidin'
To go — the wind's so strong,
And so — the hand, the crumbs,
Well, they never last for long.*

*"Guess I'll go!" He twittered.
And I saw him perk his head,
As he left the bare tree's shelter,
And Southward swiftly sped.*

*There he found his mate a-sittin',
Waitin' in the shinin' sun,
And you'll believe it, when I tell you
That she's mighty glad he's come!*

—Grace Anderson.



Miss R.: Young lady what do you expect to be when you leave college?

Lois Kerr: An old, old woman.

20th Century Letters

'Extract from "The Critic" — December, 2345 A. D.

FROM an exhaustive enquiry into the records left to us of the Pre-Moral Age, I have formulated one or two theories which may be of value to the student and to the lover of antiquity. It was not an alluring task. The days before the Moral Revolution were, in their every aspect, evocative of disgust and horror in the modern mind, but it is possible that there are some phases of the society of to-day which are imperfect, and a study of past conditions, however painful, may prove to be of some value.

The first record which came to my notice, although cracked and well-nigh inaudible, proved to be a lyric of the type known as Fox-trot. Mr. Prober, in his "Birth of Music" ascribes this to China but, by a series of amplifications, I was able partly to distinguish the recitative, which proved to be in the quaint language of the so-called "educated classes" of North America. The words were truly remarkable. The sentiment expressed was one which would do no discredit to a writer of to-day, and it was the hope that I was perhaps listening to one of the leaders of thought who prepared the ground for the glorious harvest which we reap to-day that spurred me on. "Gee! I'd like to see you lookin' swell, Baby!" There is the cry which, I am convinced, came from a philosophy broader and more enlightened than any which had heretofore appeared. It is the voice of a race, through the soul of a poet, crying aloud for a new earth. It is the prophet crying in the wilderness. From the same school there is still in existence another, and still more strangely significant, prophecy in song: "My Cutie's due at two-to-two! Oh!! . . ." What, you ask, is this "Cutie"? When we consider that in the blessed year 2220 the old order vanished before the arm of rational morality, surely the question is answered. It is the Revolution — the heart's desire of the bard. That is what he terms, with elfin charm, his "Cutie."

The little band of inspired dreamers who sang at this time was surely the influence which guided those of whom we have come to think as the Fathers of Evolution. When Fanny Fanjoy—or was it Graham Guggenheimer?—penned the immortal line, "It's just like heaven to hear a baby cry;" the seed was sown which would, later, bring the pellucid thought and arresting expression of Stopes into the ranks of those who fought for a scientifically controlled population. It was the verse of this time and people which gave to writers such as Shaw, Galsworthy, Russell and Wells—writers in a different tongue—the germ of all that has since proved best in their teachings. Shaw professed to guide the intelligent woman in the ways of Socialism, but, across the ocean, a more robust philosophy was crying, "Get out! And get under the moon!"

In the English-speaking world the Sitwells were, perhaps, the only poets of Guggenheimer's stature. But in the world of music the older countries had, in Stravinsky, a greater force for moral musical improvement than even Whiteman and Hylton in America.

These were the days when humanity was awakening to the horror of the practise of using the bodies of animals in their musical instruments. Whiteman appears to have been the first to substitute the Humane Saxophone for the inhuman fiddle, and there appears to have been another, and similar, instrument at that time, called the Humane Killer. Stravinsky employed neither of these instruments and, probably for this reason, enjoyed a much limited popularity. His works, too, were never understood by his contemporaries and, to the modern mind, are quite incomprehensible; but I have no hesitation in declaring him the foremost composer of his age. He shattered the bonds against which Debussy had strained a little and Elgar not at all. He was triumphantly fancy-free. Straight and swift, his conceptions flew to heaven—so straightly and so swiftly as to be entirely irretrievable. His only serious rival in true art was the unfortunately nameless composer of "Everybody Loves my Baby," and, "Can Those Hot Lips Ever Grow Cold?"—works which attain a grandeur eminently fitted to the loftiness of the words which they accompany.

Twentieth-century drama is, unfortunately, largely lost to us. The writings of the time were, to a great extent, destroyed when the world was in the throes of re-birth, and the plays of the day, recorded almost entirely on what was called "film"—have for the most part, perished. But from a reconstruction of what works have survived I find that, as in poetry, so it is in the drama: the North American mind had conceived a scheme of life which was to teach all mankind.

In these days when, despite the example of their divinely happy elders, our young reactionaries are flouting the code of morals which creative evolution sets, when our young women live openly and without shame with their husbands, and when to be sane is to be "old-fashioned", it is indeed refreshing to witness such a play as "Devils' Daughters," (Story by Ramona McWhirter, Scenario by Lem Palestine, Continuity by Jacob de Weiner, Titles by Hermione Oak-Honour)—a play which, for sheer moral force, compares favourably with any production of to-day. When, as will shortly occur, the play is produced in public, it should be seen by all students of the past.

His High-Mindedness the Strong-Will of Moscow is at present engaged in restoring some of the "million-dollar superproductions" in the state museum and it is confidently expected that a successful revival of 20th. century drama will soon come to pass. Such a revival will fill a very patent want. We are apt to consider the Pre-Moral age as being one of almost total sterility in art, and it is more than possible that we must re-build our opinions in the light of further knowledge and pay homage to masters whose names have come near to fading unsung.

Any prof.: How do you like college?
Any stude: I like it closed.

The Welsh Imperial Singers

Through the generosity of Mr. J. A. Nesbitt of Ogilvy's Ltd., the Welsh Imperial Singers gave a concert in the Assembly Hall on Wednesday evening, November 13. A widely diversified programme of popular music, including Welsh, English and Scottish Folk Songs and Ballads formed what must be one of the most memorable performances ever heard in the Hall.

The choir sang with a beauty of tone and a precision and brilliance of attack that was both moving and thrilling; the soloists were all enthusiastically received. If these accomplished singers find it possible to pay another visit to the college on their return from their tour of the Continent, they may be assured of an exceptionally cordial welcome.

Here and There

A most enjoyable reception was given on Friday, October 4, by the Faculty of Agriculture to the Students in the Schools of Agriculture and Household Science. Dancing formed the major part of the programme; during the interval Miss Nish and Dr. Angrove sang, and Mr. Fyffe and Miss Dunn contributed instrumental music. Prof. Raymond was in charge of the arrangements.

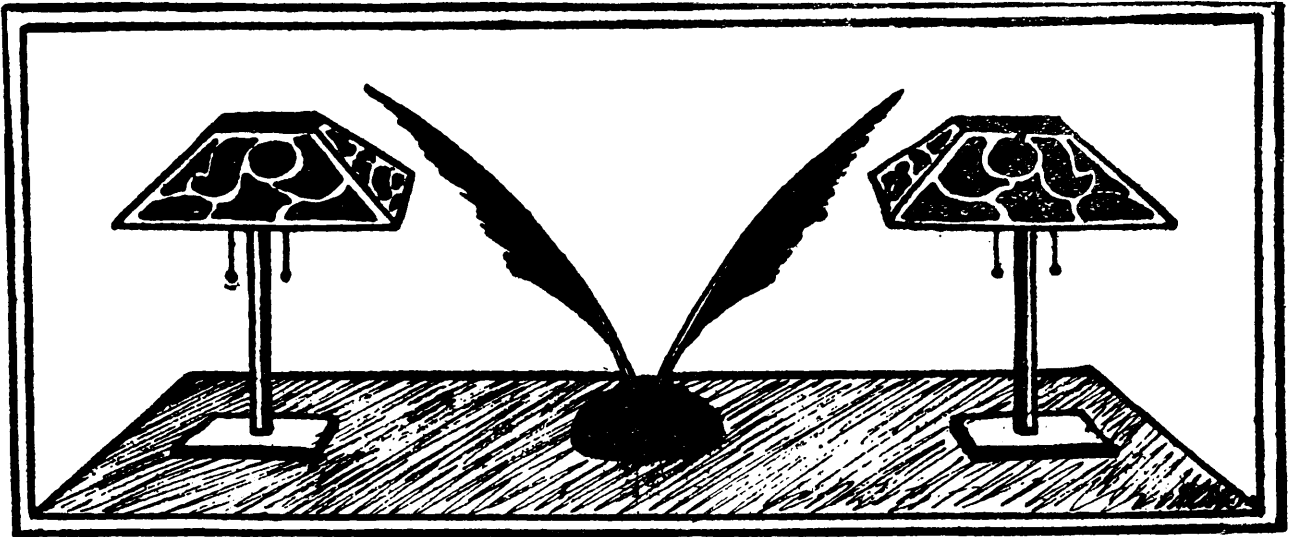
The "Lit." seems especially active this year. There has not been a vacant Wednesday evening since the beginning of October.

There have been two "musicals" which, by the way, seem to have fallen a trifle short of last year's standard, although there is a goodly amount of musical talent in both residences.

The Players' Club has produced two playreadings. "Wurzel-Flummery" (A. A. Milne) and "The Warming Pan" (W. W. Jacobs), two comedies of different type, proved very diverting.

Although it is always difficult to persuade people to take part in these readings, the parts were excellently played by Miss Toller and Miss Mellon, H. Monroe, R. M. Henderson, R. A. Boothroyd, and J. M. Fyffe.

The second play-reading consisted of Lord Dunsany's "Fame and the Poet," and Galsworthy's "The First and the Last." The former apparently missed fire with a large section of the audience; it was played by Miss Mellon, R. M. Henderson, and S. D. Hemmley. The Galsworthy drama was a departure in play-readings; and the proper atmosphere was difficult to obtain. In his longer speeches, Mr. Fyffe reduced the audience to a tense expectancy, but refusing to take the play altogether seriously, it was only too willing to take advantage of the comic relief afforded by H. A. Monroe's reading, and the slight tendency of Miss Rabinovitch to overact her part. One felt that she played at too high a pitch throughout and that Mr. Monroe was better suited to comedy and burlesque parts.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

I have no reason to suppose that biological research is being neglected; but I am at a loss to understand what Canada's biologists have been doing to allow a tremendous creature in Okanagan Lake, B. C., to go unnoticed. Anyone in the Okanagan will tell you about it. They call it the Ogopogo, and one of them even made a song about it. But not a big enough song. Not by half. Few claim actually to have seen it, but what of that? I have: or, rather, I should say "we" — for others with me will tell the same story.

It happened thus:

Three friends and I had decided to sleep at Okanagan Lake to ensure getting the first rays of sun for trolling. Since we were not going directly to the lake, a friend — "our mutual friend," I will call him, for you will hear more of him — had agreed to take our blankets and deposit them at the lake for us.

Imagine our surprise, nay, more than surprise, when we arrived at the lake at 2 a.m. and found no signs of blankets. A complete search gave us nothing but exercise; and the invocation of thousands of devils did us no material good. We lighted a fire and prepared to make the best of a bad job. There was a glorious moon, but that didn't occupy our thoughts, for the night was decidedly cool. Huddled together before the fire, we thought of many things, but all had some connection with a lack of blankets.

Then we saw it!

Far up the lake it was, reaching from shore to shore, very distinct and coming steadily nearer.

To my eyes, it had forty-six visible arms (none of which was carrying blankets), ten sections to its body, and no wings. "Definitely, then," said my entomology, "this is no insect."

Opinions as to its general structure differed somewhat, but with regard to the head all were agreed. Believe it or believe it not, the face bore a remarkable resemblance to that of "our mu-

tual friend." A horrible face; a nauseous loathsome prospect; a face to be hit and jumped upon; a face calculated to incite one to attack, rather than cower in fear. It was heartless, unkind and unearthly. A face, in short, that none of us liked.

The beast seemed attracted by our fire. Slowly and sideways, on it came, undulating through its whole length, snakelike, rippling and scintillating in the hazy light of the moon. There was very little noise, and soon it reached our shore, accompanied by a chilly, clammy breeze and the splash of waves. For some seconds it remained there, with a look of amused pity on its face, and then began a transformation.

Its body dwindled away almost to nothing and the head was much reduced in size. Slowly it wriggled its way to our fire and crawled into the embers, from which enviable position it seemed to thrust that awful face in mockery. So far into the ghastly early morning hours we were forced to look upon it.

We must have slept; for next we knew the fire was almost out, the face gone (but not entirely forgotten), and the first signs of dawn in the sky. Then came the sun, successful trolling and a glorious day. The Ogopogo had gone.....

* * *

We met "our mutual friend" at the ranch that night. His face was smiling and quite pleasant to look upon.

"Hello," we called, "where are our blankets?" (or words with that import.)

"In there," he replied with a grin, nodding towards the bunk-house, "I forgot 'em."

And that — we agreed because it had been such a glorious day — was that.

But, we have seen the Ogopogo. To my eyes it has forty-six distinct arms, (none of which was carrying blankets) ten sections to its body, and no wings.

Positively, sir, no wings!

Yours etc.,
S. D. H.

Through the kindness of Mr. Ralph Sketch, Chairman of the Dance Committee, our reporter was present at the first formal dance of the year, held on November 15th.

He enjoyed himself far too much to pay any attention to press duties, and will only say that it was good. The supper was good, the decorations were good, and the music was d..... good.

This appears to be an almost universal opinion, and, we must admit, it sounds good.



Football

Mr. Eric Eardley gives, below, a review of the past season's football. "The King's" able leadership and sterling play, during his two years' captaincy of the rugby squad, have set a standard which future captains will find difficult to surpass.

ALTHOUGH we have failed, once again, to bring the Wood Trophy to Macdonald, this season's football may be regarded as one of the most successful that the College has had for many years.

With laboratory periods lasting until 5.15, no practices were held until nearly a fortnight after the College opened, but after arrangements had been made for the football team to get off at 3.15, and obtaining the services of Mr. Sharpe as Athletic Coach, the team settled down to three hard practices a week.

Our first game, played after only one hurried practice, was against the Village, in which the College won by a 6-0 score.

Unable to arrange a game with any of the other Faculties, we played a return game with the Village on the following Saturday, and although the College played better football than in the first game, we lost by a score of 2-0.

Either through inefficiency or indifference on the part of those concerned in at McGill, we were still unable to arrange a game with any of the other Faculties, and our third game was played against Montreal West. The value of adequate coaching was readily seen in this game, and Macdonald came out at the right end of a 6-0 score. Although we only scored one touch and one rouge we had the better of the play throughout the game and should really have made a better score.

Two games scheduled with Faculty teams were both defaulted by them, and our next game was the inter-faculty play-off against Medicine. This year we did not make the mistake of entering the game with too much optimism, in fact it was with the feeling that

we were in for a sound beating that we went out to the field. Playing against a heavier and far more experienced team, the College put up a game fight, especially the line, who received the greater part of the buffeting, and although we were beaten 7-0 we were certainly not disgraced.

Our next and last game of the season was played against Lachine. On a slippery field, and perhaps partly due to the fact that the team had not got over the effects of the Formal dance the previous night, the play was very loose. The College, however, managed to mark up a 3-1 victory for the last game of the season.

It is impossible to pick out any players this year who have turned in outstanding games, as all those who played gave their best. Many players who did most effective work would not be noticed from the side lines, and it is unfair to single out any one player as playing a better game than the rest.

On looking over the season, there are one or two very gratifying things to be noticed.

First of all, for the first time for many years we have had two teams on the football field every afternoon. The enthusiasm shown and the increase in the numbers that turned out were very noticeable, and made the practices far more useful and effective. Many of the players who did turn out, did so knowing that they had very little chance of playing in any games, and it is only fair that their sporting spirit be recognized. Although they either played in no games at all, or for a very few minutes in perhaps one game, the team could not have done what it did without their help.

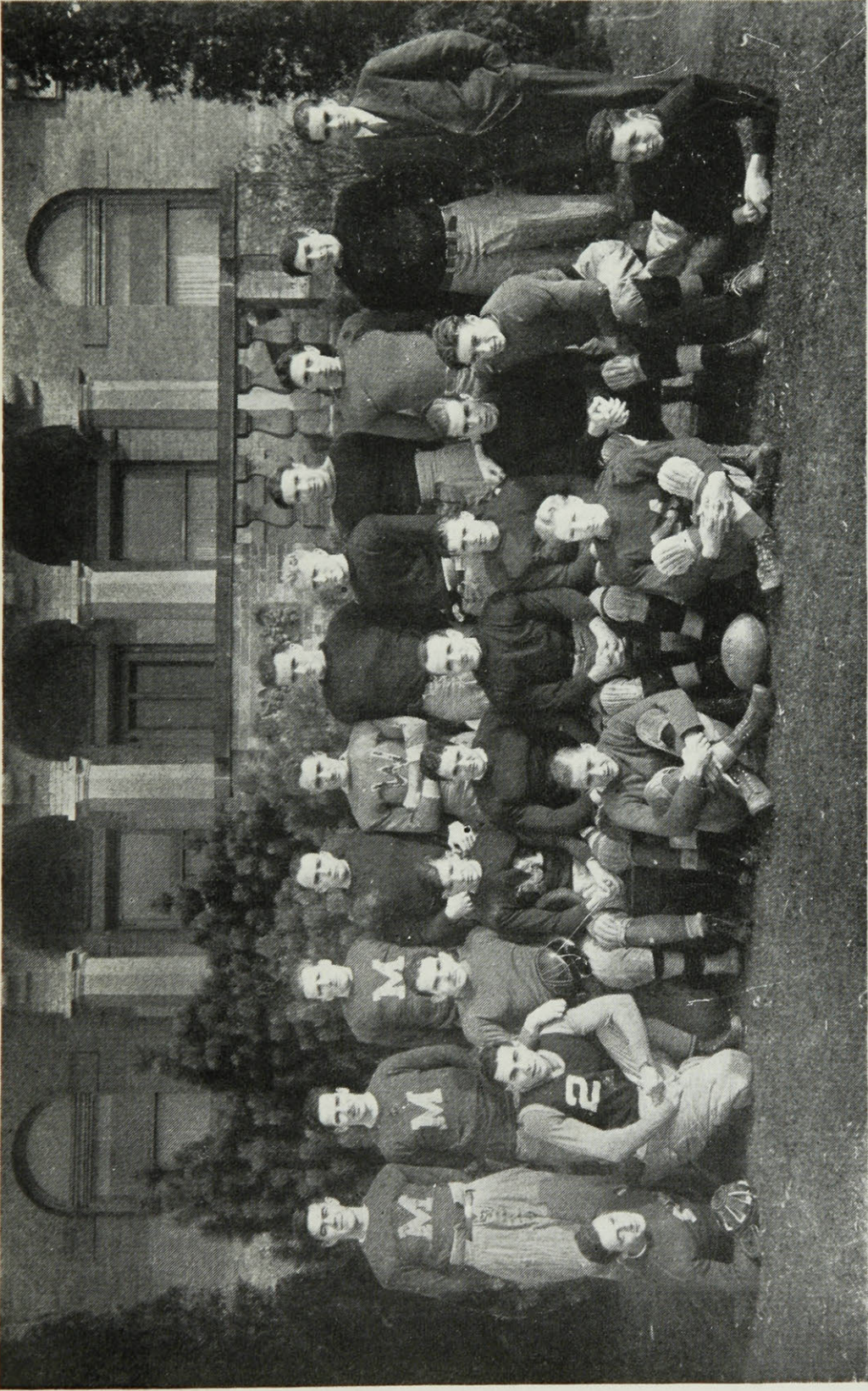
The thing that has helped to make this season such a successful one, is the engaging of Mr. Sharpe as our coach. Frank Sharpe is known and respected by all the men, and it is largely due to this that they turned out in such good numbers.

The results of his coaching may not have shown up to any great extent this year in the first team, but he has done something that has been far more useful. Our trouble here has always been that we have had too few students who knew football, from whom to draw our material. Under Sharpe's coaching, however, the men that will make up our future teams, and who would otherwise be ignorant of the game, have been taught the rudiments of the game, and the determined second team that so regularly and faithfully fought against the first team each afternoon is the best evidence of the thoroughness of the coaching they received.

Viewing the football season in this light, therefore, we feel that, although we have failed to realize our ambition in winning the Wood Trophy, we have had a very successful season and look forward with high hopes for next year.—E. A. E.

Line up:—

Flying wing:	Richards
Halves:	Rayner.
	Archibald.
	Millinchamp.
Quarter:	Eardley.
Snap:	Dickison.



RUGBY 1929.

Insides:	Longley. McLeod.
Middles:	MacCuish. Putnam.
Outsides:	McDonald. Woodward.

Subs:—Price, Fyffe, Jack, Logan, Sharvelle, Gilbey, Cameron, Hudson, Hemsley, Gibb, Parnell, MacLeod, Blair and Hunter.

English Rugger

AS USUAL, the English section of the Diploma course returned to college clamouring for a game. This year we were fortunate in having quite a few men in the Degree course who were interested in the game, and this enabled us to get one or two matters arranged prior to Nov. 1st.

A game was arranged with the M.A.A.A., to take place on Sat., Nov. 9th. On Nov. 8th., we had our first opportunity for a practice; and a short game was held in the afternoon. The selection committee kept their eyes open during the game, and a team was selected that night. Next day, singly and in bunches, we journeyed to town, along with a few supporters; and, despite a lost bag or so (due to S.D.H.) we managed to get fifteen men out to face the M.A.A.A. on their own ground (all credit to J.H.G.). The M.A.A.A. were playing several men from other clubs, as one or two of their senior men were away. Our chief drawback lay in our lack of combination; which was hardly to be wondered at, considering our lack of practice. However, we were able to hold our opponents fairly well, especially in the pack, where some great work was done by all. The M.A.A.A. scored twice during the first half; from a three-quarter movement, and from a forward rush, when our backs failed to fall on the ball. One of these tries was converted. Towards the end of this half, Fisher scored for us from a scramble near the M.A.A.A. line. The try was not converted. In the second half, our three-quarters improved considerably; and MacCuish soon scored our second try. This was converted, making the score 8 points each. For some time following, Macdonald pressed hard, and several times had bad luck not to score. Towards the end, the M.A.A.A. attacked strongly, and in the last five minutes got across, right by the corner flag, and scored the winning try. The final score was M.A.A.A. 11—Macdonald 8. Both sides played a very clean, sporting game, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. In the Macdonald team, no one was outstanding, but all played hard, and, considering our lack of training, set, and kept up, quite a fast pace. After the game, the various members of the team drifted away, and finished off the day with an excellent supper. (They were conducted home safely by the Hon. Sec.) The M.A.A.A. asked for a return game, to be played at Macdonald on Nov. 16th. We were unable to accept this fixture, however, as our ground was in use on that date.

On Monday, Nov. 11th, a game was arranged between the Diploma course and the Degree course. The Degree men were not out in full strength, owing to several of their players' scratching, due either to inability or unwillingness to play. The Dips. thoroughly deserved their victory, but the Degree course put up a very good fight. As it was, for sheer enthusiasm and spirit, I have never seen the like at Macdonald College. The final score was: Dips.6—B.S.A. nil.

We tried hard to persuade McGill English to bring out a team on the following Wednesday, but they were unable to do so, as many of their players were away.

To my mind, the season, short though it was, proved quite a success. For though we won no great victory, the team showed plenty of spirit and ability. Moreover, I am quite confident—and this was the opinion expressed by those who saw the team play in Montreal—that, given three weeks' practice, we could produce one of the best teams in Canada. It is unfortunate that we cannot get started until Nov. 1st, as, by then, the season is almost over. Next year, perhaps, we may be able to raise a team from the B.S.A. course alone, and start around Oct. 1st. If the frost holds off for another week, we hope to have another game or so this year.

—E. PRICE.

The Track Meet

The afternoon of Wednesday, October 16th., was set apart for this event and, in accordance with a well-established precedent, the weather played us false and necessitated a hasty retreat before half the events had been decided. The remaining contests have been run off from day to day under the able direction of Mr. Harold Palmer, and a good number of entries has made every event interesting and discovered some promising ability.

Results:

Hurdles—1st. E. G. Sharvelle; 2nd. G. Lessard; 3rd. W. R. Waugh.

100 yds.—1st. V. A. Archer; 2nd. G. Lessard; 3rd. E. G. Sharvelle.

220 yds.—1st. G. Lessard; 2nd. E. Price; 3rd. E. G. Sharvelle.

High Jump—1st. H. E. Palmer; 2nd. E. Price; 3rd. A. H. Walker.

Shot Put—1st. R. P. Longley—Distance: 32 ft. 8 ins.; 2nd D. E. McCuish; 3rd. F. L. Woodworth.

440 yds.—1st. E. G. Sharvelle; 2nd. H. E. Palmer; 3rd. G. Lessard.

880 yds.—1st. E. G. Sharvelle; 2nd. H. E. Palmer; 3rd. R. A. W. Stevens.

1 mile—1st. E. Price; 2nd. H. E. Palmer; 3rd. R. A. W. Stevens.

2 miles—1st. R. A. W. Stevens; 2nd. R. Millinchamp; 3rd. F. S. Thatcher.

Broad Jump—1st. H. E. Palmer. Distance: 18 ft. 2 ins.; 2nd. E. G. Sharvelle; 3rd. C. M. Archibald.

Shield for the class with highest aggregate, won by
Seniors 47 points

2nd.—Freshman 19 points

Cups for individuals with highest aggregates:

E. G. Sharvelle and H. E. Palmer tied 19 points

Barton cup for Freshman with highest aggregate, won by
E. Price 11 points

Relay Race Trophy, won by Seniors:

E. G. Sharvelle; R. Millinchamp; G. K. Parris; H. E. Palmer.

“Soccer”

Unfortunately, it was not until close upon Thanksgiving holiday that any move was made towards raising any interest in this game and, as the number of supporters was somewhat limited, it was almost impossible to raise two complete sides for any practices.

However, there was a sufficient number of players to make up a team and two matches were arranged and played: both on the Campus: one against the local Military Hospital, on November 11th, and the other against the Medical Faculty of McGill, on November 23rd.

Whilst we can say that the weather was kind to us on both days, we cannot unfortunately say the same of the visiting teams. The match against the Hospital was lost, 3-1, and that against McGill, 1-nil. Both games were much enjoyed and in spite of the score in the match against McGill, the play throughout was almost entirely confined to their half of the field.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Conroy, the manager of the Hospital team, for the loan of a ball and for arranging to bring his team along at such short notice on Thanksgiving Day. At any time Mr. Conroy will be only too pleased to furnish an opposing side, if our members should be short for a full game, or loan us a ball, upon being called on the telephone. His kindness is much appreciated.—J. H. G.

Congratulations to Bob Longley who won the Intermediate Intercollegiate shot put for McGill, and to Messrs. Archer, Longley and Palmer for their efforts at the McGill track meet.

* * *

Our thanks to Dean Barton for his work in procuring the services of Mr. Frank Sharpe as coach for the rugby, hockey and basketball squads.

Is College Spirit Dying?

HAVING HAD the opportunity of watching the development of Macdonald College during the last ten years, I feel that I am in a position to express an opinion on college spirit as it exists to-day. Please do not misunderstand me — it is not my intention to criticise, but to analyse. I want to form a brief comparison between college spirit of 1920 with that of to-day.

Is college spirit dying? I sincerely hope not, far rather would I feel that the modern youth has a different way of displaying his loyalty to his college.

A few years ago rugby games, hockey games and all other forms of competition, were accompanied by a cheering throng which was almost as entertaining as the game itself. Scarcely a moment elapsed but what the strains of good old 'Failte Ye,' or 'M-C-G-I-L-L,' or some other yell, filled the air.

How different it is this year, when silence reigns more or less supreme during rugby games! In one game in particular were yells conspicuous by their absence — I refer to the Montreal West vs. Macdonald game. The only cheering during that game was the 'Failte-Ye' given by the players at the end of the game.

Again, let us consider our musical evenings, and plays put on by the Literary and Debating Society. These have been a source of much pleasure so far this year and the officers in charge as well as the participants are to be congratulated. To one who has attended similar entertainments in the past, however, the musical evenings of the present seem to be unfinished. How much more of a college affair it would seem if the evening would terminate with the singing of 'All Hail Macdonald,' followed by a lusty 'Failte-Ye.' In the days gone by no entertainment was complete without the singing of our college song, and people left the hall feeling that they had seen or heard a college display accompanied by college spirit.

As I said before, perhaps the modern youth does not need to break forth into lusty yells or loyal song to display his feelings for his college — perhaps not — but I feel sure that a crisp "Failte-Ye" would do far more to urge on a tired fighting squad than to leave that team in doubt by appreciating its efforts in silence.

I am not criticising, merely suggesting. If the suggestion is received with favour then let us tackle this thing whole-heartedly, and may Macdonald's Halls once more resound with echoes of —

Failte-Ye! Failte-Ye! Failte-Ye! Clan Donald!

We are a chip of old McGill and call ourselves Macdonald.

Rah-Rah-Rah—Who are we?

We are, we are M. A. C.

—R. MILLINCHAMP.

Agricultural Alumni

THE Memorial Scholarship maintained by the Alumni Association has been granted for the current year to G. H. Bowen, '23, who is registered in the Graduate School of Columbia University, for work in Landscape Architecture. His address is Box 306, International House, 500 Riverside Drive, New York.

W. W. Baird, '12, during a trip to Europe taken last summer, visited Portugal, Spain, Italy, France, and Great Britain. From his remarks we conclude that he enjoyed the sights. His friends enjoy his accounts of the bull-fights he witnessed, and are looking forward to his forthcoming book entitled "Pitfalls of Paris".

Malcolm Davis, '12, is on leave of absence for graduate work which he is following in Europe.

The Hon. J. S. Dash, '13, spent a few weeks in Canada during the late summer on official business for the Department of Agriculture of British Guiana, of which he is the head.

O. A. Cooke, '13, was East with his family; his trip included a visit to Macdonald.

F. L. Drayton, '15, is in the Graduate School at Cornell University.

L. C. Roy, '16, who was with the Quebec District Agricultural Service for a number of years is now with the Department of Agriculture and Colonization of the Canadian National Railways.

R. M. Elliott, '16, has been transferred from the Montreal office to the Maritime Provinces Office of the Live Stock Branch.

J. H. MacOuat, '16, is now with the "Eastern Dairies".

A. J. Maw, '23, who was in the Graduate School at Wisconsin last year is now on the staff of the Poultry Department at Macdonald College.

W. H. Brighton, '23, recently visited Macdonald. He is now connected with the Department of Trade and Commerce and is to be stationed at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

E. K. Williams, '24, is in Montreal with the Northern Electric Company.

William Levine, '26, writes us for the College Magazine and gives his address as 2727 Virginia Park, Detroit.

The marriage took place on July 17th, very quietly at the San Isidro Registry Office, near Buenos Aires, between Richard F. Verelst Cooper, '26, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Synge Cooper of Dun's Tew, Oxfordshire, England, and Bertha Wilhelmina, (B.H.S. '27), third daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Harper H. Coats, of Hamamatsu, Japan. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are living in Cinco Saltos, Rio Negro Territory, Argentina, where Mr. Cooper is in charge of the Biological Laboratory of the Agricultural Section of the Buenos Aires and Great Southern Railway. Their permanent

address is —a/c Seccion Fomento Rural F.C.S., Plaza Constitucion, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

T. A. Heslop, '27, is with the A. C. White Landscape Company, Montreal.

N. A. Patterson, '27, is following graduate studies in Entomology at Macdonald.

Allan Deakin, '28, was conferred the Master's degree by Wisconsin last summer, and is continuing his graduate work with an Industrial Fellowship. His problem is in relation to the pigmentation of the mammary gland of the hog.

V. C. Dawson, '28, and Miss Kathleen Chisholm, (B.H.S. '28), were married this fall. They are now in England. Mr. Dawson has been granted a scholarship for study at Oxford.

J. N. Walsh, '22 and N. A. Drummond, '28, were both granted T. Eaton Company Scholarships through the C.S.T.A., the former for study at Alberta, and the latter at Toronto. Mr. Drummond held the Alumni Association Scholarship last year.



Faculty Items

Dean Laird for the sixth time conducted the special tour, "Across Canada and Back." The party included many teachers and students from this Province.

Dean Laird read a paper at the meeting of the Canadian Educational Association held in Montreal. This Association consists of deputy ministers and other officials of the Provincial Departments of Education, principals of normal schools and professors of education. The topics were chiefly concerned with teacher training, and Dr. G. D. Strayer, Teachers' College, Columbia University, was the only outside speaker.

Dean Laird also attended the Annual Convention of the Canadian Teachers' Federation, which was held in Quebec in July. Delegates, however, spent a considerable time visiting the industrial and electrical developments up the St. Maurice and Saguenay Rivers, and round Lake St. John.

The Chemistry Department was well represented at the Annual Dominion Chemists' Convention held in Toronto, May 1931, Drs. Snell and McKibbin, and Messrs. Pugsley and Skazin being present. Dr. Snell presided at the meetings of the section on Agricultural Chemistry, and when it was decided to merge that section with the Biochemistry section he was appointed Chairman of the enlarged section for next year. Papers by Dr. McKibbin and Mr. F. M. Bain, Mr. Pugsley, Mr. Skazin, and Mr. R. K. Holcomb were presented, also one by a former member of the department, Dr. W. A. DeLong.

Dr. Snell attended the forty-fifth annual convention of the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists held at Washington.

October 28-30, and presented a report as Associate Referee on Maple Products, representing the collaborative work of some ten chemists in various laboratories, all, except our own, in the United States.

Dr. J. B. McCarthy spent a few weeks of the summer in his native province of Nova Scotia.

Professor W. A. Maw attended the Poultry Science Convention held at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn during August, and while present invited the Association to hold the 1930 meeting at Macdonald College.

Dr. J. E. Maynard has been appointed Assistant in Chemistry and Physics in the College and teacher of the same subjects in the Macdonald High School. Dr. Maynard is a graduate of the University of Manitoba and holds the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Toronto, and a High School Assistant's Certificate from the Ontario College of Education. Dr. Maynard's specialty is geochemistry, his Master's degree having been granted by the University of Manitoba for work in Chemistry as applied to Geology. Dr. and Mrs. Maynard are living at 45 Ste. Anne Street.

Mr. H. S. Cook, Headmaster of the High School, has completed the requirements for his M.A. degree from Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City. This degree will be conferred upon him at the fall convocation. Mr. Cook specialized in education.

Mr. A. J. G. Maw, Macdonald '23, and formerly of the Universities of Saskatchewan and Wisconsin, has joined the staff of the Poultry department to carry on teaching and research.

The Annual Convention (65th) of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers was held in the High School of Montreal, October 8-12.

Miss Bellis was chairman of an art section. A demonstration in Eurhythmic Dancing was given by a group of children from our High School under the direction of Miss V. B. Ramsay. Addresses were given by Dr. Brunt, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Irvine, and Mr. Cook. Dean Laird was re-appointed to the important position of Pension Commissioner.

On November first and second, Dr. Brunt and Mr. Lockhart went by motor to St. Andrew's East and to Hull. At St. Andrew's East, Dr. Brunt gave an illustrated lecture on "The Arthurian Legends" under the McGill Department of Extra-Mural Relations. At Hull, the newly formed Hull Teachers' Association was addressed by Mr. Lockhart, Dr. Brunt, and Miss Léa Tanner, Supervisor of French Teaching for the Province, formerly on the staff of the School for Teachers.

For the second year in succession, Miss Ramsay has given lectures in Primary Methods and Nature Study in the Summer School for Nova Scotia Teachers, held at Halifax, N.S. This school had an enrolment this session of 400 students, some of whom were admitted from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

At the beginning of this term, by the invitation of Dr. Rexford and the other Fisher Trustees, Miss Ramsay visited the Elementary Schools of Brome County, and also attended a Conference of Teachers held at Knowlton.

Mr. E. C. Irvine, Lecturer in the School for Teachers, attended the summer session at the College of Education, University of Toronto, and is working for a degree in pedagogy.

On August 28th, at his home in St. Mary's, Ontario, Henry Irvine, father of E. C. Irvine, passed away in his 84th. year.

Miss Stickwood, School of Household Science, attended the Convention of the American Dietetics Association held in Detroit, October 7-11.

Miss Britt, School of Household Science, joined the Home Economics Staff of the University of Iowa at Ames for the summer session lecturing in the subjects of History of Costume and Costume Design.

Mr. E. E. Massey, B.A., has been appointed Teaching Assistant in Chemistry. Mr. Massey is a graduate of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and has been Assistant Chemist of the Dominion Textile Company, and a teacher in Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario, (during its temporary sojourn in the buildings of the old Baptist College in Woodstock, Ont.)

Mr. L. I. Pugsley, M.Sc., former Teaching Assistant, has been appointed a Research Assistant under a grant from the National Research Council to Dr. McKibbin for soil research.

Dr. W. A. DeLong, formerly Assistant in Chemistry, and now Assistant Professor of Chemistry in Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, paid a brief visit to the College in the summer vacation.

Mr. D. E. Fowler, M.Sc., formerly Assistant in Chemistry, has charge of one of the laboratories of the Naugatuck Chemical Company at Naugatuck, Connecticut. The Company makes organic chemicals for use in the rubber industry.

Mr. H. S. Hammond, B.S.A., formerly Lecturer in Chemistry, and now on the staff of the Chemistry Division of the Dominion Experimental Farms System, was present at the meeting of the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists in Washington, and sent his regards to old friends at Macdonald.

Miss Olive Gardiner, a member of the Household Science staff last year, was married shortly after the close of the session to Mr. R. McGeachy of Pontiac, Michigan. Mrs. McGeachy made numerous friends during her stay at Macdonald, and many good wishes have followed her to her new home.

Mrs. W. W. Baird, formerly Head of the School of Household Science, paid a brief visit to the College on September 30th., and was warmly welcomed by former associates on the staff.

On November 8th, the School for Teachers had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Henry Munro, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and Dr. David Davis, Principal of the Nova Scotia Normal College.

Miss M. R. McMurray, Macdonald '26, and formerly of the Poultry Department, has been appointed Junior Research Assistant at the National Institute of Poultry Husbandry, of the Harper Adams Agricultural College at Newport, Salop, England.

"Glenaladale" was the scene of a pretty but quiet wedding when, on September 28th, Miss Helen Bayfield became the bride of Mr. John Bull, the Reverend Mr. Whitley officiating. After the reception a buffet supper was given by the teachers in residence. The young couple will reside in Montreal.



MISS Mabel Price, whose tragic death by accidental drowning so startled and grieved all who knew her, was a member of the teaching staff of MacDonald High School for twelve years, and of the School for Teachers for two years.

Young men and women remember her with affection and grief. For years she had the love and respect, not only of her colleagues, but of the children and their parents. Of her it may be truly said that she ruled and taught through love, not fear.

A lover of the out-of-doors and of Nature in all her moods, she inspired that same love in her students.

We too must pass, we too must disappear. Others will do our work as well, perhaps better than we did it. But character and love abide. To know Mabel Price was to love her—we are all better because we knew her.

On the Knees of the Gods

IT WAS one o'clock in the morning. The stars in the deep blue heavens looked down on the huddled bodies of the dead men where they lay scattered over the war-scarred ground. There was an immense silence — a silence broken only by the distant murmur of heavy guns and the monotonous drone of some 'plane speeding overhead on its mission of death.

The young adjutant, lying on the truckle-bed in his narrow dug-out, regarded the glow of his cigarette through half-closed eyes. As he gazed at the wreaths of smoke, there slowly took shape in the haze a face — the sweet face of the lovely girl-wife whom he had left in England. Her large brown eyes looked down at him from out of the mist; he reached up with eager arms to draw to him the beautiful oval face, with its little tilted nose. His arms embraced her —

His orderly strode through the dug-out door and coming to attention with a sharp click of his heels, saluted smartly.

"A letter for you, sir."

The adjutant raised himself on his elbow, and, taking the letter, dismissed the man with a few curt words of thanks, and slit up the envelope.

He was a father — the father of a baby boy! How glad Marian must be that it was a boy! Wonder what the little beggar was like? Would the colonel give him his three weeks leave a bit earlier so that he could see Marian and the baby? Well, better ask him straight away, hadn't he? Yes, he'd go now!

"Well, Sinclair, old boy, you'll be away in a few minutes, won't you."

The adjutant smiled. Yes, he would soon be on his way back home to his wife and son. Wouldn't Marian be — that was a close shave! Better keep down a bit more or he might get hit, — these Boche snipers were pretty good shots.

His orderly stood by his side.

"Are you ready to go, Sir?"

"Yes, Thomas. But, lend me your rifle a moment."

"Certainly, sir."

The adjutant took the rifle. He'd show that sniper how to shoot! Hadn't he won the Cup at Bisley and —

The orderly lowered the dying man to the ground. A dark crimson stain spread slowly over the adjutant's temples, and with a spasmodic cough, he fell dead.

— W. Marshall.

Our thanks to Messrs. Tait, Harnott, and Dougall for their efficient refereeing of the rugby games, and to Norman B. McMaster, Agr. '29, who acted as cheer-leader in the Agriculture-Medicine play-off.

Senior-Junior Debate

In the opening debate of the year for the Robertson shield, the Juniors convinced their audience that the advancement of science has been detrimental to mankind.

Mr. Rayner, in a very cultured address, clearly showed that science has caused the downfall of culture. (It is regrettable—by the way—that a number of persons had to arrive late for the debate. Surely a half-hour is sufficient for anyone to get from the residences to the Assembly Hall—even if he has eaten heartily at supper.) Mr. Boothroyd, his colleague, brought the debate down to specific instances, and showed conclusively that science should be held responsible for everything that has happened of late—from the Great War to debates and patent medicines.

For the negative, Messrs. Lawrence and Eardley succeeded in accounting for many of the arguments of their opponents, but did not drive their facts home. There appeared to be no definite clash of opinion. It seemed as though both sides, with the exception of Mr. Rayner, were merely enumerating the mistakes and successes of science.

In rendering the verdict of the judges, Prof. Quayle seemed very much upset because one of the debaters had referred to the Ford car as being due to the advancement of science. The Juniors should be congratulated on their victory, since, presumably, they convinced at least two of the judges that the teaching of science is a heinous offence.

—R.J.

Famous Last Words

Bluebeard: "Marriage makes strange bedfellows."

A Physician: "What can't be cured must be serious."

A Tailor: "A bachelor and his buttons are soon parted."

A Scottish Philosopher: "Many are could but few are frozen."

A Bootlegger: "The way of the transgressor is hard to beat."

A Sexton: "The really sincere pessimists reside in the Potter's Field."

A Statesman: "The secret of appearing to be busy is to hold conferences."

Robinson Crusoe: "Better an unbuttered bun in a crowd than a solitary beefsteak smothered in onions."

A Dying Drunkard (as he drains the last pint from his cellorette): "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

A Jay Walker: "While many are killed in their attempts to cross our city streets, the number crossing without being killed is greater." — N. H.

A Few Magazines

Judge: Dean L---d.
 Life: Jean Dunn.
 College Humor: Betty Birkett.
 Woman's Home Companion: Ned Price.
 Country Gentleman: Any of the Dip. men.
 Pictorial Review: Some people's slickers.
 Liberty: What we women ain't got.

H. M. B.

The Exchange Department

' "Pen" Agri. '31.'

AS THIS is the opening number of the Macdonald College Magazine we express the wish that our Exchange friends will have a very successful year.

We have not received, to date, as many publications as we would have liked, but we expect that there will be many more by the next edition.

Of the magazines received, McMaster University Monthly certainly stands in the front rank. It seems to experience little difficulty in maintaining its high literary standing month by month and we are publishing below a short poem taken from its November issue.

The Prey

*The great hounds race across the lea — the hunt is on!
 They seek for me!
 The hunter speeding in their wake loud peals his cry!
 The heavens quake!
 Up the grey ridge and through the rocks they come for me,
 Reynard the Fox!
 Past the stream by the willow-brake — God of the wild,
 Do not forsake!*

*Through the wood I have loved so well, my paradise,
 They chant my knell!
 The evening shadows soft and gray steal from the east
 To veil the day;
 I see my den I built with care — they are so near,
 To rend and tear!
 The hounds around me loudly bay — the hunt is up!
 I am the prey!*

W. M. Taylor, '33.

Women Beware — Or Prepare

The McGill Daily strikes a very responsive note in an editorial on the emancipation of women. Heretofore "Women's Rights" have been stressed with a benign and unlimited enthusiasm, which may be beginning to pall on the less placid worms of the male sex.

The emancipation of women is going further and further every day. No longer do women insist on some specific right but they demand absolute equality with man. They are willing to share his responsibilities, his work, his amusements and what is more they are prepared to pay their way. This latest development has taken place in Germany, where it has become the recognized thing for a woman to pay for her share of the amusement when accompanied by a man.

The result of this should be more important than would, at first sight, seem the case. Apart from the fact that men will save a few odd dollars and cents there will be the effect between the relations between the two sexes. When woman pays her own way the day of the so-called gold-digger will be over. No more will man sit down in a restaurant and order a glass of water while his female companion regales herself on chicken a la king. No longer will the mere male go without lunch for a week to provide an evening's entertainment for some fair casual acquaintance. No more will these things be, for every fair partner will have to prove herself financially stable before she can get a young man to accompany her.

Some critics of the younger generation say that men and women these days are too frank with each other. When women pay their way this will be even truer than it is today. Honesty will be the rule.

We can imagine the college student of the future dating up a co-ed without previous investigation as to her gastronomic abilities. We can foresee the time when freshettes will speak sweetly to their escorts after a dance without even hinting that they are accustomed to being driven home in taxis. We may even state, with some degree of confidence, that the time will come when a man will be able to approach three women waiting for the street-car even if he has only one car ticket and no money in his pocket.

These things will probably come in time. Meanwhile they are confined to Germany, and we can only express the wish that we also were confined there — until we get our next letter from home at any rate.

The Daily has printed the other side of the stick, showing some of the compensations to be derived from this trend of the times. Men! Let us go the whole hog in this glorious battle, and accept with good nature women's rights to a real half-share in this, our daily intercourse.—The Sheaf.

"Why didn't you follow that college professor's advice and marry the boss's daughter and be a snob?"

"Huh! The snobbish thing wouldn't have me."

— Belleville "Ontario."

MacGregor—Hae ye heard o' the economical Scootman wi a pair of kilties o'er his a-r-rm, a lookin' for the Free Press Bureau? eh mon?—Managra.

We argued for an hour, I guess,
But, really, men are too absurd;
For all throughout the argument
He wouldn't say a single word!

O. A. C. Review.

Henry VIII (showing a friend his album): "They're all swell lookers; those I didn't like particularly I've marked with an ax."—The Tower.

"I played a wonderful game of golf this afternoon, and I feel like a god."

"Why don't you finish the sentence?"

—Sou'wester.

Cedric—I was going to offer you a penny for your thoughts, but perhaps they're not worth it.

Margaret A—They're not, I was thinking of you.

At Mac?

Women, women, everywhere.
And not a one can think.

We acknowledge with thanks;—The Gateway, The McGill Daily, O. A. C. Review, The Sheaf, The Managra, The McMaster University Monthly, The Dalhousie Gazette, and The Illinois Agriculturalist.

Can You Imagine?

The foyer empty two minutes after the bell is rung?
Jimmie without Jean?
Science women ruffled at anything?
Hazel Briggs without Helen Brass?
Ruby Parsons flirting?
Everyone hurrying to the next lecture?
Miss Ramsay losing her temper?
Anyone handing in jokes, verses, etc. for the magazine?
Perhaps these jokes are old, and should be on the shelf.
If you can do them better, just write a few yourself.



— wonderful,
that's my verdict,
they are
blended right.

Twenty
for 25c



Winchester

CIGARETTES

SAVE THE "POKER HANDS"